



OUR LADY OF MT. CARMEL.



FEAST OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

ENFANT DE MARIE.



OMES the glorious Feast of Carmel,
Lighted by Faith's golden rays;
And the glad hearts of its children
Thrill with holy joy and praise.
"Hail! our Queen and Blessed Mother!
Clement, loving, sweet thou art!
Ever pleading in the bright land
With our Saviour's tender heart."

"All the joys of seraph-spirits
Come not near that bliss of thine,
Pale their radiant crowns of glory,
To those stars that round thee shine,
Wreathing with a wondrous beauty,
That most pure and virgin-brow,
Where maternal love is gleaming
And a queenly lustre bow!"

Through Mount Carmel's peaceful cloisters
Steals celestial melody,
List! "All hope of life and virtue,
Loved ones, you will find in me."*
Like the vine I breathe sweet odour,
And your souls it will embalm.
Come! my fruits will now refresh you,
These are best gifts from the Lamb.

"When the swift days of your exile
Watching on this Mount are o'er,
I will show our Saviour Jesus,
To your gaze forever more!"
Favoured children of Mount Carmel!
Raise your eyes, your thoughts above,
Greet this gentle Queen and Mother,
With new canticles of love.

*Ecclesiasticus xlv.

LIFE AND LETTERS

—OF THE LATE—

JAMES A. McMASTER,

EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND CATHOLIC REGISTER.
BY THE LATE VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XVI. (CONCLUDED.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 26, 1885.

MY DARLING DAUGHTER,—Thank you for your letter of 22nd, received Friday, 23rd. I failed not to see kind Father McKinnon, whose heart is so open to us. As rector of the church, he could and he gladly promised to have two masses said, next morning, (St. Raphael) in honor of Archangel Raphael, for our dear Teresa. Also I had the promise of one for her, same morning, from a Redeemer. And on St. Raphael's day, I offered my communion for *her*. And, next day, Sunday, for her *especially* with others. Please tell her this. Not that I forgot others so dear to me. *Giving* does not make God poor, nor withholding increase riches to Him. He can scatter wide blessings, in answer to one true call. Our dear St. John looked especially *worn*. I made my visit short. Their gala-day for their English general had imposed extra duties on St. John in musical work, and she was *suffering*. Suffering! Hard word for flesh and blood—but golden words, as written in the "Book of Life!" Thank our dear Sister Teresa once more for the chaplet of the Seven Dolours of our Lady she made for me. How fruitful is a deep meditation of them! How light, even the almost overpowering suffering of *little ones* in the way of the cross, compared, or rather, as *not comparable* with those of our Mother Immaculate! Please give from me this message to our dear little sister: "The most fruitful penances our Lord sends her through Mother Prioress, or Mother Mistress of Novices, are simple obediences. She need desire none beyond. When her Lord and spouse wishes her to suffer more, He will send them, in love, and will give her grace to meet them! Lord do with me as seemeth to Thee good!"

See an old sinner writing advice to a Car-

melite Virgin! Even so Baalam "saw, but not near," the work of the Redeemer; and St. Teresa teaches that one may be an instructor in the science of the saints, without being pious. I have been indeed bitter in soul since my last visit to Carmel and to Sharon. May it work somewhat for me the "*gift*" I drew, last Pentecost, and that Carmel and Sharon both drew for me, all three the same, the gift of "*Knowledge*!" I think I am a little appreciating its present importance to me, for my own poor soul. Good-bye Trudens,

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15, 1886.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,—I failed writing you in anticipation of the feast of the 14th. At least, with what poor earnestness I could, I offered my communion that morning for the Carmel in Baltimore, and especially for those of whom, at the awful tribunal, it will be asked: "Where is thy flock, the beautiful flock," by each one of whom you (I) stood when the white garment was thrown over it in baptism. And, be sure, I tried to offer the holy sacrifice and communion for dear Mother Beatrix and others. Thank, abundantly thank, dear Rev. Mother, for having special prayers said for me. I know God will do what is best, but it were want of humility not to ask prayers of those, on earth as in heaven, whose prayers are more acceptable to our Lord, as said with purer intention, and from more worthy hearts than mine.

I would not live without sorrow and pain. Do you not know—of course you do—that *a life without the cross is an idle life*. The result of it is a gross, selfish life, pleasing not God, and having no good odor even among men. I dare not ask a life free from the cross for any of those dear to me as my own soul. Why should any of you ask it for me? It

would not be the love you owe me! Let us ask for each other grace, and more grace, to make the better, and if possible, the best use of the cross—and *never to fail*.

You seemed, in your dear letter, to ask in what psalm the words occur: "*Domine ter scisti*." It is in the 39th Psalm, said in Matins, *Feria Tertia*, when the feria is said. So in the Roman Breviary, and no doubt in yours. It is, first of all, the words attributable to our Lord, having taken on Him all the sins of the world. All the Psalms are wonderful—but this one is markedly grand. Try and find time soon to read it by itself.

PAPA.

NEW YORK, July 23, 1886.

MY DAUGHTER, SISTER, BELOVED,—My heart all week has been in your Carmel. Dear little community. Now but fourteen in the choir, and two of the white veil. Better fourteen than more, except our Lord Himself calls others "*to the Order of His Mother!*" Better less than fourteen, than more—if not *distinctly, determinately* called by our Lord. There is no need so instant as more to pray and to do penance.

"*Bella premunt hostilia!*

"*Da robur, fer auxilium!*

But they need to be *special*, clearly Divine vocations. The harvest is ripe and heavy. Pray, ask of your truest friends, in heaven and on earth, to send laborers into His harvest field.

Very weak and feeble folk can work in the active fields of preaching, teaching, and writing, and God can give the increase. The thing so little regarded, but the greatest before heaven, is to have those that pray and offer sacrifices.

I love and esteem your late Mother Sub-Prioress more since her death than even in her life. It seems to me that her spirit, or her guardian angel, has been at times hovering over me. Her vocation was a blessing to your Carmel. Deprived of her audible voice and her bodily presence, be sure she cares for you and prays for you—dear daughters of Carmel—*better* than when you could talk to her face to face. But I must stop this, for it would have no end.

My own health is reasonably good. I sent some copies of my poor notice of Mother Ignatius to Carmel.

God bless my Gertrude, and my sweet Teresa of Jesus, to whom I had liked to have written. And then, devotion, not necessary for me to express, to Mother Beatrix and to all.

POOR PAPA.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN TO ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS.

From a letter written Dec. 26 and 27, 1881:

"And, my dear *St. John*—(I was so glad when his great name was called on you in religion)—*you* have a *special octave* of your own, after his feast, for there is commemoration of his octave in the office of each day. Well, are you going to ask him to carry you up on his "*eagle*" wings? To soar into high places? To perch on topmost crags of the rocks, and change dreams for a true contemplation of that *Body*, taken by His own almighty power from the blood of the heart of Mary: of that most beautiful possible *Soul*, that He created to make united with His *Body*, *Perfect Man*.

But the "*eagle*" wings of *St. John* must carry you down also into the lowest places, to hunt for prey. *St. John's* prey, you know, was the rescue of poor souls from the devils. My sweet *Mary St. John*, it is past midnight. You and I will meet at mass and communion on this beautiful feast. Oh! for that *other meeting!* When the *work* is over."

A FATHER THAT WOULD BE YOUR BROTHER.

From a letter written Sept., 1885:

"Courage then, my sweetest daughter! If the suffering in store shall be longer, the reward will be a thousandfold the greater. You have had two beautiful feasts of *Mary* this month already. On last Sunday, feast of the Holy Name of *Mary*, I offered my communion especially for you. And next Sunday we shall commemorate the Seven Sorrows of *Mary*. There is inexpressible solace in deep meditation on each of these sorrows. In each one of them, as revealed to several holy souls, our Mother can cry: 'Consider and see, all ye that pass by, if there be any sorrow like to *my sorrow*.'"

MOST DEAR *ST. JOHN*,—I saw off on the steamer, on Saturday, Mothers *Walburga* and *Antonia*. These were the first I ever saw at *Sharon*. They had very nice and good staterooms.

The Holy Ghost was good to you to give you *counsel* as your gift. It has been one of my continual prayers for you that you may, through the help of our Mother Immaculate, lead souls to union with our Lord, and knit them to His sacred heart. Our Lord has been very good to you, in drawing you to Him, *in suffering*. *There is no other way!* But thorny as the road has been for you, look to what the saints have suffered! You will not be discouraged, but it will awaken faith and kindly courage. "Their strength was not of iron, nor their flesh brass," but how they suffered with joy, for the great recompense, but above all, to be more like their crucified love.

THE END.

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL'S INVITATION.

Come over to me all ye that desire me, and be filled with my fruits.—(ECCL. xiv.)

BY ENFANT DE MARIE.



MARY is the echo of Jesus, and Holy Church places as it were, on her lips, this invitation of the Holy Spirit, since it is through her alone we have access to the mystic garden of Jesus' Divine Heart, and taste its sweet fruits.

Let us dwell a little on these words that steal through Carmel's prayerful cloisters on the feast of its glorious queen, and consider, first the invitation: "Come over to me." Secondly, to whom it is addressed: "all ye that desire me." Thirdly, the reward promised to fidelity in responding to our Blessed Mother's voice: "be filled with my fruits." In Holy Scripture language the imperative "be filled" is used instead of the future. We may cite an example of this mode of expression, "Walk before me and be perfect." That is, "you shall be perfect."

Jesus Christ our Lord tells us that no one can come to Him unless the father draws him; neither can we approach Mary except by the pathway of divine attraction leading to this mystic "Gate of Heaven."

That light to know her beauty; that love which inflames the heart at every sound of her name; that confidence which recurs to our dear mother's guidance in darkness, sorrow, every vicissitude of life, these are workings of God's Holy Spirit, leading us, through

Mary, to eternal rest. Why has the Church placed her dear image before us with its pleading face and outstretched hands? Why does she address the Queen of Heaven by so many sweet titles? "Comfortress of the afflicted," "Morning Star," "Our life, our sweetness, and our hope."

Why does she so often invite us on special feasts to enter this "garden enclosed," and admire its fair lilies of immaculate purity, its fragrant violets of humility, ("Behold the handmaid of the Lord!") or its roses of queenly beauty, intermingled, at the same time, with thorns? Surely the voice of Holy Church is like a melody flowing through aisles of spirit in many variations, but echoing still, "Come over to me!"

It is the most assured presage of eternal day when that "Star of the sea" sheds silvery rays over a darkened heart. We may hope where all seemed hopeless, if we find any trace of Mary, the "spes desperantium."

Let us not refuse this invitation, whether its music sounds through the instrumentality of ecclesiastical liturgy, or softly steals through the temple of our soul; rather let us answer, "Behold I come quickly!" to thee my mother and my queen! or, with St. Bernard, "ad te curro, ad te venio!" (Memorare).

To whom is it addressed? Surely none are excluded from the all-sufficient grace of God, from the compassionate prayers of Mary, yet it is especially whispered to those who *desire*. The heart of Mary, like that of Jesus, needs only to be sought with desire. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after

justice, etc.* "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink."† And does she not tell us "Esurientes implevit bonis?"‡ Desire is the thirst of the soul. Our Lord told St. Gertrude He had given a golden tube to each soul in order to imbibe as much grace as it desired.

It would seem as if the desire preceded, and was the cause of invitation, but, in reality, it results from the divine attraction previously mentioned which first excites, then satiates our thirst. "O all ye that thirst, come to the waters."§

Never shall your desire fail if you go to Mary. She is "clement" to sinners; "loving" and compassionate to those who advance, "sweet" to the perfect. And lastly, let us see why she "longs to be longed for;" it is that we may be filled with her fruits.

The Holy Spirit dwelt in her Immaculate heart at the first instant of its life—even before He overshadowed it at the Incarnation, and each moment His gifts and fruits increased in her with the increase of sanctifying grace. At Pentecost, this divine fire so inflamed her, that she could not have remained on earth were it not that Omnipotence sustained her beautiful soul for the comfort of his infant church. She was to the early Christians like the cedar of Lebanon, or the cypress on Mt. Sion, with restful shade of protection, and mystic fruits to refresh their weariness. At last those fruits had attained all but infinite sweetness, and the divine Gardener transplanted this mystic tree to heavenly soil. Was earth then deprived of its shade? Oh, no! Never could we have so enjoyed her protection if she remained in only one favoured

spot, as now we experience it from her queenly throne.

May we still taste of her fruits? Yes; we have only to answer the invitation with desire, in order to "be filled." Let us consider these fruits. Jesus is the fruit of Mary, this we repeat thousands of times in the "Hail Mary," but He, the eternal Wisdom, though "one," is also "manifold" in the effects of His Spirit, and the flame of His love "reaches everywhere by reason of its purity."

It is this love we are to seek in and through Mary. Sometimes it tends directly to God by charity, joy and peace; sometimes indirectly, by patience, benignity, goodness, longanimity, mildness, fidelity. Again, it elevates the soul above the senses by modesty, continency and chastity. These, in their full perfection, we admire in Mary and desire to taste in ourselves. O, how that Immaculate Mother loved God! What ineffable joy and peace in her union with Him! What patience, tender benignity, mildness! What purity and fidelity even unto death!

Let us love her next to God with all our hearts, in aspirations of prayer; with all our souls, seeking ever to increase our knowledge of the Creator's beautiful workings in Mary; with all our strength, doing all in our power for this sweet Mother, and seeking to make others do still more, by word, example, prayer. Then she will fill us with the fruits of grace, obtaining special graces from the Holy Spirit, and He will abide in us as so many gardens of pleasure; until we are called to the eternal garden of Paradise. *There is an eternal freshness, for all things are watered by "the river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and from the Lamb."* Then, indeed, shall our Lady of Mt. Carmel's promise be fulfilled: "Come over to me, all ye that desire me, and be filled with my fruits."

*St. Matt. v. vi. †St. John vii. 37.

‡Magnificat.

§Is. lrv.

¶Apoc. xxii. i.

A PILGRIMAGE TOUR IN SPAIN.

BARCELONA AND MONTSERRAT.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.

In response to the beautiful "Venite Adoremus" addressed to the Catholics of Spain by Lugo's illustrious prelate, a large number of pilgrims hastened in August, last year, to take part in the Second National Eucharistic Congress, held in the ancient basilica of Lugo, the veritable "house of bread." The longing desire to be even an humble unit in this vast assemblage, afforded me a welcome opportunity of making this lengthened journey a source of spiritual joy, by visiting along its route many of the historic sites, hallowed by the lives, labours and vigils of Spain's two most illustrious saints—Ignatius of Loyola, and Teresa of Jesus.

These two saints were providentially raised up by Heaven to beat back the flood of heresy, which during the 16th and following centuries sought to deluge the fair lands of "Maria Santissima," as it had already devastated the rich inheritance of the church in Northern Europe, and the "dowry of Our Lady" in Britain's seagirt isle.

Barcelona, from which I took my departure on Saturday, 8th of August, has furnished many an interesting page to the history of the great founder of "La Compania." Here, in the beautiful church of Belen, once the property of his children, is the sword which he abandoned, when he took up the cross. Here his humility and self-abasement urged him to sit many a long weary hour by the portals of its churches, amongst the heterogeneous crowd of its beggars, and solicit alms from a charitable public, which he daily dis-

tributed to the more needy poor, who had been his less fortunate fellow mendicants. Here, in the class rooms of Senor Jerome Ardebalo, in the years of his manhood he joined the youths of the "Condal City" in the study of the classics, to qualify himself for the sacerdotal office, to which he aspired. Here he taught catechism and gathered around him, Sunday after Sunday, the "waifs and strays" like another St. Vincent de Paul, and a later Don Bosco. Here he was the welcome guest of the pious family of Sonora Isabel Roser, members of which on various occasions witnessed the warmth, the generosity, the intimacy, the undeviating loyalty and impassioned intensity of the saint's personal love for God, resulting in heavenly manifestations and wonderful ecstasies, with which God visited "Inago de Lloyola."

From Barcelona I took the train to Monistral, a journey of a few hours, and at its junction commenced the first stage of a pleasant excursion by ascending on the "funicular railway" the rugged heights of Montserrat. On the "Pearl of Cataluna's Mountains," in the peerless basilica of our Immaculate Mother, Spain's glorious Patroness, I invoke her powerful protection and Heaven's blessing on my pilgrimage journey.

The day is agreeably spent in passing from hermitage to hermitage, climbing cliff and wandering through tortuous ravines and mazy paths, penetrating the dense brushwood that grows here with African luxuriance. In the afternoon I visit the interesting grotto of "La Cueva."

"La Cueva" is in itself a magnificent basilica in miniature, where some eleven centuries ago the miraculous statue of our sinless Mother, (piously believed to have been given by her to St. Peter, in the year 50 A.D., on their journey to Spain) was discovered by some goatherds, who were pasturing their flocks amidst these Cyclopean rocks. For four consecutive Saturdays these simple peasants revisited this mountain cavern, and on each occasion they were charmed by hearing heavenly melodies proceeding from its subterranean passages, and seeing the cave itself brilliantly illuminated by a heavenly light, encircling the head of the dusky statue with an aureole of celestial splendor. This was about the year 880; two centuries having elapsed since the time when it was revered in the church of Sts. Justus and Pastor in Barcelona, from where it had been taken by the good bishop of the diocese and the chief governor of the city, and placed within the deep caverns of this rocky shrine, in order to avoid its profanation by the Saracen hordes, who were at the time laying waste by fire and sword the plains of Cataluna, and had carried their sanguinary warfare to the very gates of the "Condal City."

During this interval all traces of the statue's hiding place were lost, the custodians all having died, and the secret of the cave having being buried with them.

Naturally, therefore, its discovery was a source of universal joy. The first tidings of its whereabouts were conveyed to the bishop of the diocese, who resided in the city of Manresa. He at first doubted the news, but determined to investigate the matter. With that view, he betook himself to the summit of Montserrat, and placed himself in a favorable position to be able

to detect any fraud. His belief was strengthened when he heard with his own ears and saw with his own eyes all that had been related to him of the miraculous image. He repeated the words of the Magi: "*Hoc signum magni regis est, camus et inquiramus.*"

Intense, then, was the joy of the principality when the glad tidings were circulated, that once more the miraculous statue of Our Lady was discovered. With popular rejoicings, and loud acclamations of a nation's gladness, the statue was removed from "La Cueva" to a large and more suitable church, which, a few centuries afterwards, made room for the present magnificent temple, founded and endowed by the royal liberality of the sainted Ferdinand and Isabella.

Thus, for over a thousand years in both churches, the miraculous statue has been enthroned and venerated by the devout children of our Lady of Carmel, who from every part of the Christian world have journeyed to her shrine and prayed beneath its lofty dome. Yes, since then Montserrat has been for our Mother Mary a perpetual throne on earth, for here she will reign until time shall be no more. Here, oft and oft, has the immutable been changed and the very laws of nature have been turned aside by the appeals and prayers of her clients, which, through her powerful intercession at the throne of God obtained instant and efficacious hearing. No matter, then, from what clime you may come, here a cordial welcome awaits you from Our Queen, whilst the blackrobed sons of St. Benedict have provided for you a "hospice" unequalled in any other nation for its capacity, its comfort and its cleanliness.

To these rugged, and, at that time, inhospitable heights, like his Divine

Master to the desert, came Ignatius, as soon as the wounds he had received during the siege of Pampolona were healed. Here, in deep solitude, with no other voice, save the sweet warble of its birds to break the solemn stillness, he commenced to imitate the vigils and austerities of the Jeronimos, and the Magius and the host of holy anchorites, who once peopled these wastes. He modeled his life after the silence, prayers and penances of its former recluses. Oft and oft he betook himself to the grotto of "La Cueva" and entered on a series of spiritual exercises that prepared him for the compilation, under the guidance of the spirit of God, and the inspiration of our loving Mother, of that inimitable treatise, which, like the matchless "Imitation" of a Kempis, has since become the text book of the preacher, and the golden treasury of spiritual maxims for the director of souls. Yes, in these silent haunts, beneath these gigantic rocks, he planned the inspired volume, which later on, in "La Cueva" of Manresa he perfected and transferred to parchment.

Nor was St. Ignatius the only saint who scaled its heights and visited the shrine of the Immaculate Mother and Queen. We see from the records carefully preserved in its archives, that St. Francis Borgia, St. Peter Nolasco, St. Francis Xavier, St. Peter Claver and a host of others prostrated themselves in the "Caverin" of the Virgin, and kissed the hand of the Mother upholding her Infant, Creator of the world, in her loving arms.

What joy is it not, then, to steal away from the heat and turmoil of the city, from the perplexing cares of trade, from the anxieties of commerce, from the labours of the counting house, from the curriculum of the schoolroom, and from the arduous duties of the pulpit and confessional, to hasten, if only for a day, to the peace and seclusion of this once eagerly sought earthly purgatory of the saints.

How pleasant to ramble through its shades

"Over whose acres walked these blessed feet,"

and there, as its tenants of old, the venerable hermits of Spain's primitive church,

"Hear in shade the voice of love;
Find in gloom, the light of day—
Light that gleams with tender ray,
Voice that whispers from above."

At the close of the day the precincts of the monastery and spacious "Plaza" become a picture of life and animation, as crowd succeeds crowd, arriving by rail and road and mountainpath. The hotel and the hospice, both the exclusive property of the Lord Abbot and the Benedictine Fathers, are filled by the hosts who, during the summer and fall seasons, each succeeding Saturday afternoon betake themselves singly or in family groups from every city of Cataluna to the picturesque plateau of Montserrat, there to pass a quiet Sunday. They participate in the religious functions and at the same time imbibe the delicious mountain air, and drink the health-giving mineral waters, which are ever flowing from its fountains. Truly, here are found rest and health for the body, and peace and tranquility for the soul.

At 4 o'clock on Sunday morning the sweet notes of the Basilica's chimes, and the loud voice of the "Serenio" or watchman, who passes beneath your window with the midnight salutation of "Ave Maria Purissima" awake me from a tranquil sleep. I arise at once and hasten to join in the first mass of the early morning. Even at this early hour, the crowds fill the spacious Basilica. Many of those present have been traveling all night, and on their arrival they at once hasten to salute the Virgin Queen of Montserrat.

After the solemn high mass at 9 a.m., I prepare to take my departure for the manufacturing city of Manresa. Full of the joy I have experienced at the shrine of Montserrat, I proceed to the Basilica, there to offer my "Adios" to the Immaculate Queen, more than amply compensated for the monotony and fatigue of the journey hither.

A STALEMATE.

A STORY OF THE THREE GRACES

BY PHILIP A. BEST.

CHAPTER IX.

"Education is generally the worse in proportion to the wealth and grandeur of the parents."

—DEAN SWIFT.



ON the last evening Fenton and Charity commenced to discuss matters pertaining to the bringing up of children in general and the education of Faith in particular. Small things produce effects little intended, and thus it was that the chess-board entered on the scene, and gave us Fenton's and Charity's observations on the game. Now they meet again, and waiving the subject of queens it has come down to the practical question, "What will we do with Faith?"

"I myself have been trying to do something with Faith," said Charity. "The child is bright enough, and learns quickly, but, like others of her age, needs close watching. If her little faults are not corrected now they never will be. Schools will effect little, for whilst there a girl's pet passions, and a boy's too, for that matter, only lie dormant, ready to break into a flame as soon as the check is withdrawn. Now for my part I should like to know how far I may go in Faith's instruction. I have my own method of teaching, and think I can fit the child out for a start in life. After that she may be sent for a while to some academy, if

you think fit, Mr. Fenton."

"It is only too true," replied Fenton, "that Faith was not taken in hands early enough. But, I presume, you can easily undo what her mother has done. I always told my wife that she never knew how to raise children, and then she would push her graduating certificate under my nose to show me she knew it all—perhaps she did—theoretically."

"Yes, it was just that way with my sister," said Charity. "When she came back to the farm from school, she was going to show us how to make the farm yield us money enough to buy up all our neighbors, but her exorbitant milliner's bills nearly caused the farmers to gobble us up, house and all. I agree with you, Mr. Fenton, there is no question that education begins at the mother's knee—and moreover, every spoken word and every action goes towards forming the child's character."

"Alright then, Charity, I'll leave Faith in your hands," said Fenton. "You know more of training than I. My little smattering of education doesn't amount to much. I can figure up columns and talk, too, if I get hold of the right kind of a customer. However, I have seen a lot of things in this world, young as I am. I have seen plenty of your so-called cultured men and women. Yes, I have met all

grades of those who waste the midnight oil—the reformers—the ultra-polished—the superficial ones—those who spend their time from home and those who considered it a sin against womanly modesty to appear in public. Yes, I have seen the silly, sensual creatures lounging at the watering-places—the giddy butterflies whose chief occupation is doing nothing. I have too seen the heroic woman coming forth from the cloister to bring sunshine into many a hovel—and, too, I have seen drudgery, patience, suffering and loneliness on the farm. Education in my opinion is lost when it is not accompanied by religion."

"Indeed, 'tis only all very true," said Charity. "There is more poetry and heroism in far-off and hidden places than we are aware of, but the men are not alone. Sometimes a very forcible sentence comes home to me and it seems so appropriate here. I think it was Pascal who made the remark, he said "Place moral heroes in the field and heroines will follow them as brides."

"By Jove!" said Fenton, "I have been in the field long enough, and have long thought myself a suffering hero. Perhaps if I brush up my morals a little the saying may apply to poor Harry Fenton."

"Oh! I am not making any personal remarks," said Charity, "however, when we come to think of it, there is a great lack of morality in the world. You must admit that. Just look around you. What do our schools turn out? Heads brimful of facts. Men with a taste for athletics. You will find plenty of respectability, strict observance of public decency—but there's too much sham."

"Why, women were never more re-

spected than now-a-days," said Fenton.

"Yes," said Charity, "as far as outside politeness goes. I have seen your beardless youths making such profound bows that one would imagine they were going to take up a collection with their hats. What does it mean, though? Very little sincerity in it, I think. The fact is these 19th century chevaliers consider the girls something made to order for their special delectation. Something to take to and from church—to look at and fondle—to dance and ride with and so on, provided they are young and good looking enough. This is a truth which can't be denied. 'Life is short so let's get all the fun we can, boys.' That's their motto. No wonder we girls, who are expected to be paragons of perfection, get so disgusted with our would-be admirers. Yes, they admire us, but alas not for our sakes. The more I think of this, the stronger becomes my desire to remain single. Only last night mother said I would be far happier if I remained a spinster. I think she is right too. Formerly it was either marry or be a nun, now there has arisen a third state, to remain a 'lady-bachelor,' as the gentlemen have graciously christened us."

Charity had now become quite animated. Fenton was thinking of a suitable answer, which for the moment refused to jump into verbal being, so he merely said:

"Take things all in all, you must grant that the world has grown better."

"That's a broad subject you touch on, Harry—pardon my familiarity," answered Charity. "In some things," she continued, "the world has progressed. You, who read and associate with the world, know this better than I do. I grant there has been more advance in science, we have more ma-

chinery and luxury, but we have more misery, poverty, unhappiness and crime. Why, I know a poor old man who has only a cow and a shanty over at New France, and I defy you to find a happier person in any of the palaces from Boomfield to the city."

"It seems you keep all the happiness in New France, and only send the discontented ones away," said Fenton.

"Thanks for the compliment," said Charity.

"Oh, present company always excepted, as the saying is, Charity. I was thinking of other people from your part of the world, with whom I have had dealings," said Fenton.

Charity's curiosity was fully aroused. She could not imagine to what person Fenton referred. He had not even mentioned anything of the kind before, and he was usually so outspoken. Charity mentally ran over the list of all the girls she ever knew or heard of. She tried every little feminine trick to get the secret out of Fenton, but to no purpose. He was obstinate. She even put Faith in his way with the promise of a box of caramels if she would only wrestle the secret from her father, but Faith did not get the confectionery. When Faith was playing the overture to her question her father at once detected the "nigger in the wood-pile," and turned to the child, saying, "Faith, you talk too much. You will never make a chess-player." And poor Faith was also check-mated.

"Never mind," said Charity, "murder will out." Nevertheless, although confident of unravelling this mystery in Fenton's life, her hopes of unveiling it daily grew beautifully less, and "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

CHAPTER X.

"Men no longer wholly believe in this age

of blindness and scientific pride. No one is any longer seen bowing before his God on both knees."

—VICTOR HUGO.

Under Charity's care Faith was becoming very proficient in Christian doctrine. Her father was hardly seated in his studio, after leaving the dining room, before Faith was on hand to ply him with questions, which at times were rather pertinent.

"Here, papa," Faith commenced, "take this book and see if I know my lesson." Fenton did not care much about fishing out questions—they might be disagreeable. So Faith reversed things and put her father through a cross-examination.

What is meant by Faith, Hope and Charity?" Faith rattled off almost in one breath.

"Oh, that is an easy one," said Fenton, but in spite of it he couldn't think of the words. Still he was not going to make an exposure of his ignorance, even before a child, so he evaded the question by pretending to misunderstand Faith's question. So lifting her up on his knee, he laughingly said: "You are *my* Faith, aren't you? Yes, my own dear little girl. And we have our own Charity, too. Don't you like her, Faith? Your papa does. Wouldn't it be nice to keep her with us always? Does she ever speak of me, Faith?"

"Indeed she does," answered the child, "and she often said that there is nothing in the world she would not do for you, but she would scold me if she knew I told you, papa."

"Any more questions, Faith?"

"Yes, papa, why do you never speak of hope, as well as faith?"

"Oh, well, Faith, when you grow up to be a nice young lady, you will understand more about some things. At one

time, Faith, there lived a wise old American, I guess you have heard of him, since most of the school readers mention him—Benjamin Franklin. He it was who as a boy used to send up kites, and one day made a big discovery about electricity. Well, as I was going to say, this man Franklin said some very wise things, and one of his sayings was that

‘He who lives on hopes will die starving.’”

“Oh, yes,” said Faith, “I remember that at the top of my copy-book there is something which this man—Franklin did you call him? Well, the words are, ‘A good conscience makes a continual Christmas.’ Charity told me that it makes us happy and sin is the only thing that makes us unhappy. Are you happy, papa?”

“I try to be, Faith,” answered Fenton.

But he was not happy. In his heart he was miserable. But Faith heard her father laugh, she heard him sing and believed him happy. Poor child! She had not yet learned that

‘E’en our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those which tell
of saddest thought.’”

These dialogues between father and daughter were cut short, much to Fenton’s relief, by the entrance of Charity. It was a dark and gloomy day, and her entrance seemed to bring with it a flood of sunshine into Fenton’s studio. The girl had just come back from a visit to good Padre Angelo, and brought a nice little pearl rosary for Faith. As she handed it to the child, she accompanied the gift with an affectionate kiss on the child’s sweet face.

“Nothing for me, Charity?” said Fenton.

“Yes, Harry,” said Charity. “I

have a message to you from the good padre. He expects to see you at church next Sunday. I had quite an interesting chat with him.”

“About wicked me?” said Fenton.

“Indeed not,” replied Charity. “You would become vain if I repeated all the fine things I said. It could not be otherwise, you know, for as Father Angelo himself put it, ‘Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.’”

“As the good padre handed this rosary he looked at it in a meditative way, saying:

‘Oh, Miss Werker, how I do love the rosary—it is such a consolation to me. Many a time do my poor fingers travel around those decades for my dear flock, and how I love to say it for my dear penitents. ‘Tis very true what a holy priest, an Irish Dominican, Father Burke, used to say, ‘If I have my beads about me I could sleep peacefully near the crater of Vesuvius.’ O, yes, Miss Werker, love Mary and her rosary. Tell the holy madonna you want to love her. Keep wishing and pray for the will to love her—for as they say in my own dear Italia, *La volonta e tutto*. The will is everything. Just as your own Schiller once said, ‘*Die Liebe ist der Liebe Preis*.’”

“I am going to say this rosary first for the padre and the next for papa, and the third for you, Charity,” broke in Faith.

“Thank you, Faith,” said Charity, “and I hope you will often bear in mind the lessons the beads teach you. Remember that our holy Mother’s chain of beads is strong, so strong it can draw you to heaven. With it you can bind up the devil. He will be then powerless to hurt you, and the most he can do is to bite at the chain. Use the beads often, Faith—for when a chain

becomes rusty from want of use it breaks. Bear in mind that those ten beads on the decade remind you of the ten commandments. Some beads have links of precious metal, others of perhaps coarse wire. So it is with our lives—they may be welded together with golden bonds of plenty, or perhaps by chains of suffering, and we must accept either if it is God's will. And then again, those three beads which go before the decade remind you of what I so often spoke, Faith, Hope and Charity. So my dear Faith, as has been said:

Like threads of silver seen thro those
crystal beads,

Let love thro your good deeds show."

"You delight in delivering little pious lectures, Charity. I expect they are not solely meant for Faith, who herself takes delight in lecturing me, as she did this morning," said Fenton.

"I was just asking papa some questions in catechism," said Faith.

"Yes, she gave me some puzzlers, and of course things were bound to get around to the old subject of Faith, Hope and Charity," said Fenton.

"Things which we should never tire of discussing," said Charity. "That was the very thing Father Angelo touched on to-day. He said it was deplorable to see such a want of faith in the world to-day. 'Oh,' he said, 'if there was more faith—if we but took God at His word, what a happy world this would be. Then, indeed, we would not be pained to see so many unhappy wretches ending their existence, because they failed to see things in the eyes of faith. And, oh misery of misery, what havoc the printing press and the godless school are doing. Well did our Lord say, 'Do you think the Son of Man will find faith on earth when He comes to judge the world.'

Oh, how light our burden would be, were our hopes placed on a better world to come, where peace, love and happiness is infinite. How our charity would burn and our lives become holier did we but know the glory awaiting us.'"

Charity grew quite warm as she repeated the words of Father Angelo. She showed Fenton a very pretty prayer-book which she received from the priest. On the fly-leaf he had written a verse—as yet unnoticed by Charity herself. It seemed so pretty.

It ran like this:

"Love, led by faith and fed by hope, is
able

To travel through the world's wild
wilderness;

And burdens seeming most intolerable
Both to take up and bear with cheer-
fulness,

To do or suffer, what appears in sight
Extremely heavy—love will make most
light."

"I should like to see the good padre," said Fenton. "He might take a load from my heart. But I need courage to act. Say a little prayer for me, and ask Faith to do the same."

Never did Faith and Charity pray more fervently than this night, as they together offered up the rosary for Harry Fenton.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He who communicates is in the heart of Jesus, and Jesus is in his heart. This union is not of pure affection, but it is real and true.—*St. Aphonsus Ligouri.*

The enemy has been cast out of your hearts. You have promised to renounce him in that profession, which not man only, but God and his angels witnessed when you said, "I do renounce him." Renounce him, then, not only in word, but in work; not only by the sound of the lips, but in every act of your life.—*St. Augustine.*

A LEGEND OF THE PROPHET ELIAS.



It would appear from the following legend that the prophet Elias wishes to prove that he belongs partly to the church militant, not having passed through the shadow of death.

It is said that every Easter he descends to earth and receives Holy Communion in some Carmelite community, choosing for this purpose the most fervent of the Order.

Last year, a community in Germany received the honor of his presence.

The chaplain was unacquainted with the legend and we may judge of his astonishment when at the time of communion, he perceived a venerable old man with a white beard at the head of the procession of nuns coming up to receive Communion at the grating.

"What," said he to himself, "a man has dared to enter the enclosure! What is to be done?"

However, the look of profound recollection of the aged personage impressed him so deeply that he resolved to give him Holy Communion and ask the explanation when his mass had finished. As soon as the Holy Sacrifice was over, the chaplain sent for the Superioress, and asked her who had come to communion the first. "It was I, Father," she replied. "But before you," he said, "I thought I saw a venerable old man coming up to the Holy Table."

"Oh, what happiness," said the Prioress, "it was the holy prophet Elias who made his Easter with us this year; our convent is then the most perfect of the Order."—"La Semaine Religieuse de Grenoble."

A THOUGHT FOR THE PILGRIMAGE.

BY SUE X. BLAKELY.

To thy shrine, O! Queen of Carmel,
We, thy loving children, come.
Hear our prayers, O! Flos Carmeli,
Offered in thy chosen home.
Extend a mother's arm caressing,
Shield us with tender love,
Till guided by thy care and blessing,
We dwell with thee above.

POPPY THURSDAY IN MEXICO.



ONE of the most attractive features of that excellent Catholic paper, *The Sacred Heart Review*, is a regular correspondence from Mexico. This Catholic neighbor of ours so little known, and so much maligned by a hostile press, improves more and more upon nearer acquaintance. We are grateful to the enterprising Catholic journal, that gives us such charming descriptions of the customs and habits of a thoroughly Catholic nation so near to us, and so deserving of our Catholic fellow-feeling.

In its issue of June 5 ult. we read the following account of a beautiful festival celebrated in the Church of the Carmelite Fathers at San Angel, near the city of Mexico.

The festival, beautiful and poetic to a degree, is celebrated on Thursday in Easter week in honor of our Lord's appearing to Mary Magdalen in the garden. This is known as "Jueves de Amapolas," Poppy Thursday. Although held in many of the city churches, that of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, at San Angel, twelve miles out from the city, celebrates the festival magnificently. So much so, indeed, that the apostolic delegate, Mgr. Averardi, who attended this year, was greatly pleased. The church itself is large, well lighted and tastefully decorated, possessing several fine paintings.

On this day poppies are everywhere, altars, chandeliers, in fact, every place where flowers can be put is filled with poppies shading from the pink to the crimson. Although every year the church is crowded, it was even more so

on account of Mgr. Averardi's visit. Camacho's orchestra rendered Rossini's "Petite Messe Solennelle," assisted by a choir of picked voices. As the "Gloria" was intoned, a shower of rose petals began to fall from the dome, and continued in a steady rain until, at the Elevation of the Host, it increased to a storm of perfumed petals. The sun's rays, striking these multi-colored leaves, transformed them into glowing jewels of ruby, topaz, amethyst, all falling from some mysterious Aladdin's garden above. This is a distinctive feature of the feast, and the effect eludes description; although a simple thing in itself, the sight of these millions of bright-hued rose leaves falling silently from the dome to alight on the heads and shoulders of the worshippers, and afterwards forming an odorous carpet for the procession, is never forgotten, ever fascinating.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Fr. Maltrana, one of Mexico's most eloquent orators. Fr. Maltrana is immensely popular here among all classes of society, preaching daily, and often as many as three times a day. His ascetic appearance, graceful delivery and polished yet clear language combine to make his sermons doubly effective. Mgr. Averardi, although not well acquainted with Spanish, understood most of the sermon and expressed his approval.

Mass over, the procession was formed, the Monsignor bearing the Host and giving the benediction at the close. In the four corners of the churchyard, altars were erected by Indians from the surrounding villages. One unacquainted with the skill of the native

gardeners would not dream they could produce anything half so beautiful as these "pozos," as they call the altars. Composed entirely of foliage plants and cut flowers, the designs are new every year, and are admired greatly, especially by foreigners. On each of these altars stands an image of a Carmelite saint, and the Blessed Sacrament rests there for a few minutes while the "Pange Lingua" is sung. All along the high walls are perched boys with baskets filled with more rose leaves to scatter before the Host. The quantity of poppies and roses used on this feast is fabulous, even in this land of flowers. Mgr. Averardi and accompanying priests dined at the pastor's house, returning in the afternoon charmed with San Angel.

This village teems with memories of Gen. Scott and his soldiers (many of them Irish) who were quartered there for some time during the war of '47. The Carmelite friars gave up the convent to the soldiers, reserving for themselves only the infirmary, and, notwithstanding the fact that the friars released, in one night, some four hundred prisoners confined in the convent by the soldiers, these two most dissimilar bodies of men became warm friends, so much so, it is told, that when the final leave-taking took place, friars and soldiers wept on each others' necks. Twelve brave American soldiers lie at rest in the quiet vault under the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, and many are the anecdotes told of "los Americanos" by the surviving friars. Now only a small portion of the convent attached to the church exists; the rest has been torn down.

But the town of San Angel, owing its existence to the good friars, is still the resort of wealthy families during the summer, as it was when Mme. Calderon de la Barca, wife of the first Spanish minister to Mexico, spent a few months in a house still standing,

and thus describes it: "San Angel is pretty in its own way, with its fields of maguey, its scattered houses that look like the beaux restes of better days, its market place, its parish church, church of El Carmen, with the monastery and highwalled gardens adjoining; with its narrow lanes, Indian huts, profusion of pink roses, little bridge and avenue and scattered clusters of trees; its houses for *temperamento* (*constitution*), as they call those where Mexican families come to reside in summer), with their grated windows, and gardens and orchards. And then the distant view of Mexico with the cathedral towers, volcanos and lofty mountains, scattered churches and long lines of trees; and nearer the pretty villages of Cayoacan and Mixcoac; and everywhere the old church, the broken arch, the ancient cross with its faded flower garlands to commemorate a martyrdom or erected as an act of piety—all is so characteristic of Mexico that the landscape could belong to no other part of the known world."

And San Angel has not changed much since then; many more houses have been built and so-called improvements made, trains, both steam and mule-drawn, run every half-hour, but the charm is there. Towards the last of April the families begin to close the city houses, leaving behind modern customs and manners, with fine gowns and rich furniture, and betake themselves to the simply furnished old county houses. There five o'clock tea gives way to the delicious native chocolate (not made after those strange recipes published in northern papers under the name of "Mexican chocolate"), and the life led is charmingly Mexican. The houses, for the most part only one story high, are built around an open court, where flowers bloom and fountains tinkle, on which open the spacious, lofty rooms; at the back stands an old-fashioned garden, with swimming tank and bowling alley, all surrounded by high walls of solid masonry, above which the passer-by may only see towering tree-tops, the roof of a summer house, clambering vines, and hear merry voices united in laughter or song.

FAVORS OBTAINED THROUGH THE INTERCESSION OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL.

I.

The Miraculous Picture of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel at Naples.

Historically speaking, the most important and ancient shrine in Naples, is that of La Madonna del Carmine, sometimes called Santa Maria della Bruna, from the darkness of the picture. Brought there in the middle of the twelfth century by some monks from Mount Carmel, whose order about that time began to emigrate westward, and placed in the chapel of the convent assigned them, it furnishes the original for all Carmelite pictures, medals, and scapulars of our Lady.

In 1269 Naples beheld the tragic execution of young King Conradin, and the anguish of his mother, Empress Marguerita, who arrived too late to save him by payment of the ransom agreed upon with Charles of Anjou. Obtaining his body, she placed it in the chapel of the Carmelites, which she resolved to rebuild as his mausoleum with the gold she had brought wherewith to purchase his life.

On the completion of this new church the ancient Madonna del Carmine, replaced on the altar by a large "Assumption," was relegated to a side chapel, where it remained comparatively neglected until the jubilee year of 1500.

At that time, a pilgrimage to Rome, desiring to place itself under our Lady's care, asked and received permission of the Fathers to carry this picture with them. One April morn, banners flying and chanting litanies, they set forth. A wretched cripple, begging by the

wayside, stretched out his arm toward the picture as it approached, praying aloud that the Mother of Mercy would restore to him the use of his limbs, that he, too, might join these others on the way to Rome. Even as he prayed, a glow penetrated his wasted frame, "and leaping up, he stood and walked and went with them." As the procession advanced from village to village, the inhabitants, apprised of the miracle which had signalized its departure from Naples, brought out their sick and laid them in the streets, praying that, as she passed, this powerful and tender Madonna would compassionate them. The Pope ordered inquiries to be made as to the authenticity of the remarkable cures reported to him; and the result was such that, accompanied by all the cardinals, he paid homage to the picture at St. Peter's.

On returning to Naples, the Madonna della Bruna, with all honor and rejoicing, was placed above the high altar of the new Carmelite church. Then the King of Naples gave proof of a faith unequalled in history by commanding all the stricken and suffering throughout the land to be brought to the metropolis, and there placed in a hospital which he had prepared for them.

On a day specified, in presence of the sovereign and his people, the sick were borne into the church and ranged on long benches near the altar; then the medical certificate required of each was read aloud by one of the secretaries, giving age, name, and that of the disease wherewith he or she was afflict-

ed. High mass followed, and at the *Gloria in Excelsis* the veil covering the Madonna was slowly drawn aside. How depict the scene? Imagine the cries, the supplications, the pealing shouts and *vivas*, as a celestial light, emanating from her face, shed its rays upon the multitude, all of whom in that miraculous moment were miraculously healed. *Evviva! evviva, Maria!*

(DAWN GRAYE IN *Ave Maria*.)

[ED. NOTE.—The picture of our Lady of Mt. Carmel, which is sent to all those who contribute towards the building fund of the *Hospice of Mt. Carmel at Falls View, Ont.*, and as a receipt to subscribers for the CARMELITE REVIEW, is engraved after a copy of the *Madonna della Bruna*.]

II.

Conversion of a Veteran.

The following communication comes from Lille:

A retired officer of the French army, almost ninety years old, was for many years a total stranger to any kind of religious practice. This man was recommended to us by a saintly priest, whom the old officer often received as a dear personal friend, but whose efforts to lead him back to religion were in vain. Scepticism, the result of evil company and the reading of Voltairean books, had poisoned the soul of the old warrior.

Several attempts by different persons to convert the old man, who was tottering to his grave, were fruitless. Some months ago I sent the old man a Scapular, begging him to accept it from the daughter of an old friend. The Holy Virgin had inspired me. He accepted the scapular. Our mutual friend, the priest, announced this joyfully, adding: "It will be a long time till he will be ready to make his con-

fession . . . remember that he had forgotten Mary." Some days later the same priest sent me a note. The old officer of his own free will had wished to go to confession and to receive the sacraments of the Church. Once more our Lady of Mount Carmel had shown her power and her maternal solicitude. The old man now enjoys perfect health. He is a devout child of our Holy Church and an ardent admirer of our Lady of Mount Carmel.

(CHRONIQUES DU CARMEL.)

III.

A Happy Escape.

The charity of Mary towards her chosen children is boundless. Proof of this is an event in the year 1879 at the railroad depot at Courtrai.

A good peasant woman from a Flemish village, who had to go by rail to Courtrai, had her scapular adjusted by her daughter, not wishing to travel without this protection against all dangers. When the time came for the train to leave, the scapular had not been sewed on again, which fact greatly vexed the good woman. "I will put it on as it is," she exclaimed. "The Blessed Virgin knows my will and will not withhold her protection during my journey." Having arrived at Courtrai she had to cross the track, not seeing a train which came speedily on from the opposite side. The woman seemed doomed. Recommending herself to the mother of God, she threw herself on the ground. When the train was stopped all the cars of the train, with the exception of the two last ones, had rolled over the prostrate form of the woman. The conductor and the brakemen drew her form from under the cars, sure to find a mutilated corpse. What was their astonishment when the woman rose, as if nothing had

happened. "This was a happy escape. You were but a hair-breadth from death," people said. "It was my scapular which saved me," the woman answered. "Thanks to the Blessed Virgin! At the moment of danger I had the presence of mind to throw myself on the ground." On her return to her village home, the pious soul had two masses celebrated in honor of our Lady of the Scapular.

(CHRONIQUES DU CARMEL.)

IV.

A Conversion Through the Holy Scapular.

Dr. Francis Zaldia, former president of the Republic of Columbia (South America), was an eminent lawyer, but very much opposed to the Catholic Church. He always belonged to the liberal party, which in that country, like in all countries, is hostile to the church. To him partly the expulsion of the Jesuits and persecutions of similar character had to be ascribed. Nevertheless, this man had a son, who had been educated very carefully and who finished his studies at the American College at Rome. The young Columbian studied for the priesthood and was particularly devoted to the most Holy Virgin. Incessantly he prayed to the Virgin for the conversion of his father, but all his efforts seemed in vain. After the young cleric had been ordained priest, he returned to his native country. A few years after his son's return, the old ex-president became hopelessly sick, but he showed no sign that he wanted to die as a Christian and awaited death unconcernedly. This almost exasperated the priestly son, who stood near the dying father's bed. Making an effort the young priest said to his father: "Dear father! What human skill could do has been done. Do you not want any spiritual assist-

ance whatever? Please, take this scapular!" The dying president, accepting the offered scapular, asked for the conditions under which it has to be worn. "First you must make your confession, father," said the son. The thought of confession made the old man quiver, but after a few minutes of reflection, he said: "Well, call a priest." After he had made his confession, the old gentleman declared aloud that he wished to die a child of mother Church. The pious priest, his son, is at present canon of the Metropolitan Church at Bogota. Great is his zeal for the cult of Mary and for the scapular of Carmel.

(THE IRISH CATHOLIC.)

V.

A Painful Trouble Cured.

The following letter was sent to the editor of the CARMELITE REVIEW by a well-known professional man:

REV. DEAR FATHER,—About a week ago while traveling on the cars I had a particle of cinder or other substance blown into my right eye, which caused me much trouble and affected the other eye at the same time. Sometimes one night's sleep will cause such things to be discharged from the eye, but in my case it did not, and on the second night my eye was worse, much inflamed and the left weakened and inflamed as well. Before going to sleep I took my scapular and held it to my eye and asked our Blessed Lady to help me, and thus went to sleep. In the morning I awoke with the obstruction gone and it has not bothered me since.

J. S.

There is one single fact which one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity, namely, that no man ever repented of being a Christian on his death-bed.

FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

EDITED BY MISS MATILDA CUMMINGS.

[All communications to this department to be addressed to Miss M. Cummings, 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City.]

SECRETARY'S LETTER.

JULY, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

It seems a very long time since last vacation; but now that it has come the days and weeks will fly, as does every joyful occasion eagerly looked forward to and longed for.

Vacation means rest, does it not? Now, what is rest? It is a change of work; not giving it up entirely. So, while school books are put out of sight for ten long weeks, all books need not be so treated.

A word to you all, but particularly the girls, as to this matter of reading.

It is well worth while to educate one's self to admire *only* the best in literature. In these days when books are so cheap, so plentiful and so tempting, it is very necessary to know what to take and what to leave.

It would seem as if novels were the only books to be read in vacation. Now, while it is true that light reading is well adapted to while away the summer hours, yet it need not be trashy to be light. There is no excuse for reading silly, sinful novels, when there is an abundance of good, clean, delightful books and Catholic ones, above all, which can not be classed as prosy or preachy.

Christian Reid's novels are all delightful ones. The last published in the *Ave Maria*, "The Man of the Family" was exciting enough to satisfy any taste and charming to the highest degree.

Dear Mrs. Dorsey, now in the sweet

rest of paradise we fondly hope, wrote a score of beautiful stories, and those who subscribe for the "*Ave Maria*" are always sure of a good story or stories running through it every week.

Don't read every book lying around on tables and chairs in summer resorts during vacation. You are choice as to the friends you select, why not be as fastidious about your books? Read poetry during the summer. Fill your minds with beauty, even as you feast your eyes on it. Learn to love the pure and noble thoughts of those who have made the world brighter and better.

Nathaniel P. Willis is sadly old-fashioned nowadays—but, give him a trial and see how very beautiful his scriptural poems are. They are word pictures which always haunt the memory of those who learn to love them.

So much for reading.

Don't forget that you are Catholics during vacation.

Form an apostolate among yourselves, dear young friends, to see to it that you go to no country place where you can not go to mass on Sundays.

Why, the very soul of a summer resort is the Catholic Church. How can the children of the faith enjoy the beauties of nature while forgetful of God. What more inviting than the little country chapel with its ever open door, and its fascinating charm which never suffers one to pass without going in to see Him, whom a saint called "my dear neighbor."

The Secretary thinks that much loving reparation might be made to our dear Lord in the blessed sacrament during the long summer days, if Catholics would make it a matter of conscience not to pass the season in any country place where a church was not within easy reach.

July is the month of the Precious Blood. We all owe a huge debt to our Blessed Lord for this "price of our ransom," and the long idle days of July give many a sweet opportunity to pay our debt. Ask our Blessed Lady every morning to offer to the eternal father the Precious Blood of her Divine Son to prevent the commission of one mortal sin that day. *That* would not be very hard, and yet when we think that our Blessed Lord would go all through His bitter passion again to prevent one mortal sin, how eager we should be to do our little share which in the indulgence of His mercy He makes so powerful.

God's glory should be very dear to all His creatures. Vacation days are full of opportunities to work for this high and holy object. Good example, fervent prayer, a daily rosary, a daily visit to the blessed sacrament. *What* can they not do?

The Secretary hardly dares propose daily mass to her young friends during vacation—but why not? Lots of time to be lazy all day. Why not give our Lord the first half hour?

When we are dying we will look back very wistfully at the days that were sanctified by daily mass. Every one of them meant a sacrifice, and God is a royal paymaster. I firmly believe that daily mass will save one's soul. Grace fairly pours down on the soul during the holy sacrifice. It can not be lost.

Remember our dear Lady of Mt.

Carmel on her feast, July 16. Ask her to obtain for you a happy death, but that word reminds me to ask your prayers for a very dear friend of the Secretary's who died during the month of Mary. She loved the blessed sacraments so passionately that she was affectionately called "the dove of the tabernacle." She would make it a duty to find out where the forty hours' devotion was going on, and no matter how great the distance she would travel all over the city to visit the blessed sacrament.

To spend an hour before It was her joy. Everything was given up for benediction. The loss of one communion was a positive grief to her. The blessed sacrament was the grand passion of her life, and so the Secretary commends the soul of her dear friend to the loving remembrance of the little ones and of all the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW.

Very sweet and tender is the memory of those who have lived for God. Even the world holds them in benediction.

A happy vacation to you all, dear children.

In the words of St. Philip Neri, "Love God and then do what you like."

Devotedly,
SECRETARY.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS FOR THINKERS IN JUNE.

1. Because their supply of food is cut off.
2. Because their work is done.
3. Thoreau.
4. Charles XII. of Sweden.
5. Sir Joshua Reynolds.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLERS IN JUNE.

1. Because they are made to be kept on hand.

2. Because words are constantly passing between them.
3. A powder magazine.
4. Hooke.
5. Alphabet.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1. Why is Florida the nation's house-keeper?
2. What kind of sermons would a parson write whose father was a baker?
3. Why is an infant like a diamond?
4. Why are Germans like quinine and gentian?
5. What three animals rule the world?

MAXIMS FOR JULY.

1. My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.—Our Lady's Magnificat.
2. My dearest, if God hath so loved us, we also ought to love one another.—St. John 1 chap. iv. verse.
3. Those who have Martha's cares upon them may enjoy a most perfect share in Mary's rest if they refer everything to God.—Sr. Francis de Sales.
4. There are thousands in all ages, Come to Christ because of thee ; O, then, Mary, with thy converts In thy kindness number me.
—Fr. Faber on Mary Magdalene.
5. Take your rest then, and gather new strength for your work. Take care of your health ; and give your mind intervals of rest, joy, and innocent liberty.—Fenelon.

FOR THE THINKERS.

1. Who is referred to in the following lines :
"Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa traveled, in Asia wed ;

Where long he lived and thrived, in
London dead,
Much good, some ill he did, so hope
all's even,
And that his soul through mercy's
gone to Heaven."

2. What cathedral is called "a miracle in stone?" and "a bit of frozen music?"
3. Who completed that cathedral and left his own statue in the building?
4. What was the object of Gothic cathedrals?
5. Who is called "the painter of the conception?"

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Beside the water and the crumbs
She laid her little birds of clay,
For—"When some other sparrow
comes
Perhaps they'll fly away."
Ah, golden dream, to clothe with wings
A heart of springing joy ; to know
Two lives i' the happy sum of things
To her their bliss will owe !
Day dawned ; they had not taken
flight,
Tho' playmates called from bush and
tree,
She sighed : "I hardly thought they
might.
Well—God's more clever'n me !"

Up soared the lark into the air,
A shaft of song, a winged prayer,
As if a soul set free from pain,
Were flying back to heaven again.
O, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays ;
He giveth you your plumes of down
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of
brown.

—Lowell.

Old Time, in whose bank we deposit
our notes,
Is a miser who always wants guineas
for groats :
He keeps all the customers still in
arrears—
By lending them minutes and charging
them years.

—Holmes.

“Ana, Mana, Mona, Mike,”

In an empty room we three
Play the game we always like,
And count to see who it shall be :
“Ana, mana, mona, mike.”

Round and round the rhyme we go
Ere the final word shall strike,
Counting fast or counting slow :
“Barcelona, bona, strike.”
What it all means no one knows,
Mixed up like a peddler's pack,
As from door to door he goes !
“Hare, ware, frow, frack.”

Now we guess and now we doubt,
Words enough or words we lack,
Till the rhyming brings about,
Welcomed with a farewell shout :
“Hallico, ballico, we-wi-wo, whack—
out.”

J I M.

BY MRS. M. L. SANDROCK REDMOND.



AS Mrs. Brownell entered her drawing-room, a queer little figure rose from the edge of a chair and touched its fore-lock with two very dirty fingers.

“If yer please, ma'am,” said he, “I'm Jim. Guess yer don't 'member me, but I ain't forgot yer, nor never will.”

Mrs. Brownell took the small dirty hand in hers. A smile, whose delightful geniality penetrated the very soul of the miserable morsel of humanity before her, beamed from every feature as she said :

“That's a very nice compliment, Jim, but you're not the only one with a good memory. Why, you're the very lad I was thinking about this afternoon. I was wondering how you had been getting along in these hard times.”

Jim looked uneasy. He shifted from one ragged foot to the other. He crumpled his rusty, nondescript hat against his knickerbockers, while the other hand made a dive into an inner pocket, from which he produced a small tissue paper parcel.

“I ain't come to ask yer for nuthin', ma'am,” said he. “I jest wanted ter thank yer for the dollar yer guv me that day we almost wuz starvin'. An' it wuzn't jest the plunker ; it wuz the way yer guv it, too. Here ——” thrusting the parcel hastily upon her — “it's jest a red posy. But I didn't hev no more tin, yer know.”

The lady silently opened the parcel and as she held a glowing crimson carnation in her hand, her lips smiled tremulously, and when she spoke her words had the catching of the breath that those who knew Mrs. Brownell most intimately, understood to mean that she was more moved than she

would like to admit, for Agnes Brownell was, above all things, a practical woman, and a practical woman, we all know, does not like to be caught with the dew of sentiment in her eyes."

"Wonderfully energetic," commented her acquaintances, not knowing nor caring what resulted from the energy. But I think, from what I have heard of this little woman, that the angel who kept the record of her daily doings called her energy by the noble title of charity. She had wealth, she had leisure, it is true. But there were innumerable calls upon both, and it seems to me it could only have been a genuine thirst for the glory of God and a passion of love for her neighbor that gave her strength to seek out every day the poor, and sick, and suffering, to spend many a long day interviewing employers and janitors of public buildings in quest of work for some deserving protegee.

Mrs. Brownell held the carnation to her face and gave such a look of delight to the little lad that his dirty face smiled sympathetically, and he remarked, "I'm glad you like it."

"Like it! My dear boy, I simply love flowers, and above all, red carnations. And this is a beauty! I shall put it in water and keep it as long as possible. But you must come along with me now and have something to eat."

Jim was easily persuaded to accept this invitation, and disposed of the food set before him with the avidity of the boy of the streets whose appetite is very seldom even half satisfied. At Mrs. Brownell's suggestion, he scrubbed his face and hands before eating, and after he had finished his meal, was easily led to tell of his life and family. It was a very ordinary story. He was ten, he said, the eldest of half

a dozen children. Mother worked when she could get washing to do. Father had had no work all winter. He sold papers, blacked boots, ran errands, shovelled snow, did whatever he could get to do, and had evidently been the mainstay of the family.

Mrs. Brownell had the art of winning confidences. Jim had never talked to any one as he did to this bright-faced, pleasant lady. She listened quietly with a smile or a little question now and then, and as she listened she thought as was her wont. She looked at the pinched white cheeks and the red, chapped hands of the little fellow beside her, at his intelligent gray eyes and good-natured mouth, at his threadbare, dirty garments and shoes full of holes. As she looked, she thought of her little son well fed, and clad, and taught, and cared for in every way, and a pang of pity went through her for this little neglected waif.

"Jim," she said, "if your mother and father could get work enough to do, would you like to go to a place where you would be taught your religion and reading and writing, and various other things, above all a good trade? You would have a comfortable home, clean and warm and pleasant. You would have companions of your own age and plenty of games, and all sorts of fun. This place is called St. Joseph's Protectory, and is in charge of a good, kind man whose name is Father James, and who is——. Well, Jim, there is no use trying to explain to you what Father James is; you'll see for yourself. I think he's a saint and so do a good many other people. And as for those boys out there, they think he's the grandest boy they ever knew. He'll play ball with you, or marbles, or fly kites. He'll teach you how to spar."

"Golly! He must be a reg'lar corker!"

Mrs. Brownell gasped. "He is!" she fervently exclaimed.

"Do dey guv de coons any grub at dat dere Protec'ry?"

"Oh, certainly. The food is excellent and plentiful. Would you like me to take you there? Do you think your father and mother would consent?"

"Dunno. 'Spect dey'd be glad. Ma sez dere's too many of us brats and dad beats me for de dough when he's on a booze."

Mrs. Brownell shook her head pitifully. She had met many cases of such parents. Promising Jim to come herself to see his father and mother the next day, she sent him home with a basket of dainties for the younger children.

It was not in Agnes Brownell's nature to lose time in the prosecution of a good deed. Her interest was so strongly aroused in this little urchin that she exerted a more than usual amount of energy in his behalf.

Two days after his visit, Jim, neatly clad in a complete outfit from the wardrobe of Mrs. Brownell's little son, with face and hands immaculately clean and curly hair less tangled than usual, accompanied his benefactress to the Protectory.

Father James received them with the manner of simple, beautiful kindness that at all times characterized him and helped, perhaps, to make him idolized by the hundred or two of boys under his charge.

While Mrs. Brownell spent a few minutes in the beautiful chapel of the institution, Father James won his way to the boy's heart and made him happy and comfortable at once by showing him the well-equipped gymnasium and explaining its various won-

ders to him.

When Mrs. Brownell caught sight of the eager, happy little face, with its wistful grey eyes fixed upon the Father's countenance, she thought of the wan little face she had seen two days before, and very gratefully she said to Father James, "I see the spell of your magnetism has been cast already, Father, and Jim is another victim. I need not fear to leave him in your hands."

As Jim took the hand she extended, his big eyes were more wistful than ever as he looked into her face. Very slowly and seriously he said: "Yer've been awful good to me, ma'am. I dunno how to thank you. I guess yer what yer said he wuz,"—nodding towards Father James—"a saint, yer know."

An impartial observer would have found it hard to say which of the two people so ingeniously complimented laughed the heartier, blushed the redder or looked the more confused.

As he bade her good-by, Father James said, "You have struck the right lad this time, Mrs. Brownell. I know very little of boys if Jim does not turn into a pretty good sort of a man and a creditable protege. We'll keep his carnation for a blossom in your crown when we canonize you," he added, with a twinkle of the merry brown eyes that glanced brightly as a boy's, from under his grey hair and brows.

Don't wait until some other time to say a kind word of praise and encouragement to any one. To-morrow may be too late and you will always reproach yourself. And don't be chary of smiles. You don't know to whom they may seem like little rifts of sunshine in clouds of darkness.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR.

Our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

The July number of the CARMELITE REVIEW must be especially dedicated to our Lady of Mt. Carmel. The beautiful frontispiece is a copy by an eminent artist of the famous "Madonna della Bruna" brought by the Carmelite fathers to Naples from Mount Carmel, after having been their greatest treasure on the Holy Mount from the earliest days of Christianity. In fact, tradition affirms it to have been painted by St. Luke himself. The tender poem, on our Lady of Mt. Carmel, by one who will not be known publicly by any other name than child of Mary, "Enfant de Marie," is a worthy prayer to our glorious Queen—and her article on "Our Lady's Invitation" is redolent with the perfume of the cloister.

The Feast of the Scapular at Niagara Falls.

This great feast of love and privilege falls on Friday, the 16th of July. Every client of Mary remembers that treasured day and eagerly anticipates it. The thousands who annually visit the shrine of our Lady at Falls View, will be able to make use of the facilities afforded them by the pilgrimage train from Buffalo to spend the day in visiting the quaint chapel, and gaining the plenary indulgences accorded to each repeated visit. This indulgence can be gained from the vespers 2 p.m. on Thursday afternoon of the 15th until sunset of the 16th of July.

The pilgrimage train leaves Buffalo at 7.25 a.m., and returns at 5 p.m. High mass at 10 a.m. There will be early masses for all those who wish to

receive Holy Communion at the shrine. Pilgrims are requested to bring lunch with them, as only bread and coffee will be served on the grounds.

The Latest Encyclical.

Our Holy Father has issued an extensive encyclical letter on devotion to the Holy Ghost. It is a complete treatise on the external and internal mission of the Spirit of God. The Holy Father desires to have the devotion to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity increased among the faithful, and to this end ordains an annual novena to be held in preparation for the feast of Pentecost. His paternal heart, wishing to bring about the complete success of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the Church by uniting all Christian churches under His loving sway, and wishing moreover to have the fruits of the same Spirit fully bestowed on each Christian soul, has chosen this means of exciting greater devotion to the spirit of Jesus and the Father, the Comforter, who alone can give consolation to a troubled world.

The Pope's Poem.

In the midst of his many occupations the Holy Father finds time to distract himself, not as ordinary mortals do, but in a manner peculiar to himself. There are but few persons living to-day who could imitate him in this sort of recreation, and these few would call it a most laborious task. His relaxation consists in writing Latin poetry so exquisite and harmonious, that it successfully ranks with the best classic poetry of ancient Rome. His late poem on frugality and greed has been praised to

the skies by the ablest critics, classical scholars such as Gladstone, and competent judges, such as old hoary-headed German professors. He is not only an able exponent of the blessings of frugality, but a living proof of it. It is decidedly pleasant to see the healthy interest this saintly man takes in such a commonplace thing as a stomach, and the quaint humor with which he pities the liver of the bloated glutton.

Two New Saints.

New saints? No! They were saints long ago, but on Ascension Thursday the Holy Father solemnly canonized them in St. Peter's church in Rome. All the old-time pomp and splendor was displayed to pay honor and veneration to these two saints, St. Anthony Maria Zaccaria, the founder of the Barnabites, who died in 1539 and St. Peter Fourier, the founder of the School Sisters of Notre Dame, who died in 1640. A careful investigation proved them to have practiced the most heroic virtues during life, and to have obtained miraculous favors for their clients after death. God willed them to be honored, and the Church has done so, with the sanction and at the expressed wish of the vicar of Christ. On such an occasion, no expense must be shunned, no ceremony omitted to give a glorious example to a material world, how highly holiness is to be valued and venerated.

Two Deaths at Sea.

Hardly had the papers brought the news of the sad ending of Barney Barnato, the richest man on earth, when another death took place at sea of a totally different kind. Barnato had to be restrained by force from laying hands upon himself, but he managed to escape the custody of his friends for a moment and flung himself

headlong into the ocean, there to end a life given to material ends. On Sunday, June 13, Archbishop Jassens, of New Orleans, lay dying on a steamer, plying on the ocean between New Orleans and New York. He saw his end approaching and asked for the last rites of the church, which were administered to him. And then, in his dying moments, he begged his attendants to lift him out of bed and to place him on his knees, when the noble prelate lifted his eyes to heaven and with the words, "Thanks be to God that I am ready," lost consciousness shortly after.

The Death of Father Kneipp.

There is no newspaper in the world that did not bring the important item of Father Kneipp's death as a bit of interesting news. What interested the world in this simple, unostentatious village priest of Bavaria? Was it merely his water cure? No, although it had proved efficacious in thousands of cases. No, it was the sterling goodness and unselfishness of the man. Everyone who had the good fortune to remain at Woerishofen for a little while came away enchanted with the simple greatness of the good priest.

A Carmelite Convention.

The Hospice of Mount Carmel at Falls View is now nearing its completion. It cannot be opened to visitors and retreatants until next year but a certain number of rooms have been made ready to accommodate the superiors and delegates to the various Carmelite houses in America, who are to meet in chapter on July 6th. There is to be an election of the Provincial Superior and the various local superiors. Our readers will not do remiss if they offer up a fervent prayer for the welfare of our young province—the success

and growth of which means so much to all true lovers of our Lady of Mt. Carmel.

Modern Education.

The skeptical world is always throwing out questions. One of the latest is "Does modern education educate?" It does not in the true sense, if we mean the learned and highly endowed institutions which are divorced from the church. Not long ago a learned Jesuit proved that clearly. Some of the college presidents are now answering themselves. They cannot, however, do that without having a slap at the monkish methods of teaching. Nevertheless, the monks were the true teachers. They taught their pupils how to be happy here and, what is better, hereafter. It is hard to improve on the monastic system. Even our up-to-date Catholic bishops who prefer their own ideas to those hallowed by centuries in training seminarians will some day acknowledge this. And, by the way, only the other day a writer remarked that those who would keep abreast of the times must study up scholastic philosophy—in other words they must go to school to the monks. It is said that a truly "great man is one who affects the minds of his generation." And Leo XIII is a great man. He is making the world think.

The Suicidal Craze.

After the great cry of modern civilization and education, the cold fact remains that neither the wise men in the professional chairs, nor the lights of the rostrum, can stem the awful tide of self-destruction. The grim chapter in the daily press never grows shorter. Where is the remedy? It is not in the text books. No wizard has yet found it in his laboratory. But it needs no X-ray to discover a cure-all in the

teaching of God's church. She teaches us that this is a vale of tears, a place of suffering and the ante-chamber to a home of bliss. Troubles, crosses, persecutions and privations here below are but stepping stones to heaven. The Christian should glory in the cross. The man of faith can see all this, but the blind infidel or graduate of godless schools sees it not. Individually, too, we can be apostles of mercy to our blind neighbor. If, by our prayer or an encouraging word, we can convince but one wavering soul of the necessity of bearing up under a heavy load, we have done a great work.

Stale Lies.

Lies concerning Catholic teaching are legion. We are all too well aware of this. Calumnies bob up in all directions and at times in unexpected quarters. The other day we met a gentleman, who was passing the hours of travel by doing a little light reading. He held in his hands a late number of "Leslie's Popular Monthly." It looked innocent enough. "It's quite harmless!" remarked the gentleman as he handed us the periodical in question. A "that's so" almost accompanied our "thank you," when in a far-off corner our eyes caught sight of a paragraph which humorously referred to the manner in which the "Romish" church accepted money for the forgiveness of sin! Such ancient lies may in most cases amuse rather than scandalize, but it is nevertheless painful to think that the weak and innocent occupy their idle moments with just such kinds of literature.

A Good Vade-mecum.

Among your baggage put an extra Scapular, and be sure you have one on your person, for this is the season of

drownings and other unexpected and unprepared for accidents. Probably there would be fewer disasters did we not lay aside our Scapular. The Blessed Virgin promised that it would be "a safe-guard in danger" and it has proved itself such in many well-authenticated instances. Therefore prepare for emergencies. A spiritual book will likewise not be out of place in your valise. It may not be as spicy as that sweet little novel, but it will be a good antidote against the great amount of soul-poison so prevalent in public resorts.

Forty Years.

Holy Trinity parish, Pittsburg, had great reason to rejoice last month, when it celebrated the fortieth anniversary of its foundation. The Carmelite fathers have always found it a parish full of zeal, generosity and piety, virtues which will continue to flourish among a people so devoted to our blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

A Novel Devotion.

"It is novel to see you Carmelites having so much external devotion to an old Testament Prophet." The speaker referred to St. Elias. It is right that we should honor the great Prophet, first because he is our founder and father. Hence, this month, his feast, the 20th, will, as usual, be kept with becoming solemnity. Secondly, it is becoming that we do our part to bring this saint before the world, for it will see just in what it is to-day wanting, namely, zeal for God's glory. We should pray fervently for the spirit of Elias.

Another July Devotion.

Let our thoughts this month be of the most Precious Blood. Let us, too, make some reparation for sin which tramples it under foot. And we should

be ever mindful of Mary, who, to again quote Father Faber, "sits upon her throne to magnify the Precious Blood. Her prayers dispense Its graces. Her holiness which enchants all heaven is the monument and trophy of the Precious Blood."

A Timely Suggestion.

The time is at hand for distant visits and excursions abroad. It is, alas! too a time of distraction and temptation. Let us be on our guard. We can only keep our souls untarnished by going forth in the same spirit as our divine mother when she visited her cousin St. Elizabeth. Let Mary be your model when you seek health and enjoyment at those resorts, where satan is bound to erect a grand stand. Take care that where the body finds life and enjoyment, your soul does not find death and misery.

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Bear in mind that the novena in preparation for the great Scapular-feast commences on July 7th.

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Do not forget the poor suffering souls in purgatory when you are piously endeavoring to gather the copious shower of plenary indulgences on July 16.

No sin can be small which is a great offence against a great God—against great majesty, a great authority, a great purity, a great justice, a great truth.

The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in a storm and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God is most unflinching.

PUBLICATIONS.

The *L. C. B. A. Journal* for May gives our REVIEW the following complimentary notice:

"The CARMELITE REVIEW, published at Falls View, Ont., needs no further recommendation than the name of the illustrious and learned Order, the Carmelite Fathers, under whose management the REVIEW comes out more interesting each month. It is published for the benefit of the Hospice at Falls View, which noble object, as well as its superior literary and mechanical make-up, commends it to general support."

The Carmelite Fathers have long ago recognized the great advantages held out to our Catholic women by the L.C.B.A. We are glad to see this already powerful association gaining ground every day. The number of branches is nearly 400 now, and many new ones are in process of formation. That the Ladies know a good thing when they see it is evident from the notice of our REVIEW quoted above.

Professor Schoenfeld, of the Columbian University, Washington, D.C., contributes a strong paper on "Spain, Cuba and the United States" to the June number of the *Rosary Magazine*. We note with satisfaction that the article is fully endorsed by the editor. When Catholic instinct was unable to warn our Catholic editors against a cause which was so suspiciously popular with freemasons and sectarian preachers, good common sense should have put them on their guard against the crude and palpable misrepresentations of the secular press. But truth and justice will always prevail in the end. Spain has gained moral prestige in the same proportion as the United States are losing it in the estimation of calm spectators.

The June number of the *Globe Review* shows us Mr. Thorne from his most charming side in the lay sermon on "The Reconciler," and some inspiring sonnets on the most sublime theme of all, the love of God. His other articles are in the usual style, so obnoxious to many, and so disturbing even to his friends. Caroline D. Swan gives a short but exhaustive history of the Oxford movement, and

Priscilla Alden presents the radical measures proposed by Father Casas of Madrid for the settlement of the Cuban question, without commenting on them.

Our Lady of Good Counsel for June is a good number of this progressive monthly. We encounter among the names of its contributors the familiar ones of Henry Coyle, Mary Angela Spellissy and Matilda Cummings. All lovers of our Lady will enjoy the scholarly articles on "Characteristics of the Blessed Virgin," by Rev. Dr. Zelinger.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for June has an article by Robert N. Reeves on "Suicide and the environment." The writer states all the causes usually leading to suicide, except the main one—despair. He suggests all kinds of preventatives, except the principal one—supernatural hope. He proves by statistics that family life is a check on suicidal tendencies. And yet, how many suicides can be found among the thousands of consecrated celibates in religion? Dr. Max Muller, the professor of comparative religion at Oxford, says that more Protestants than Catholics commit suicide. The fact is, that good Catholics, who frequent the sacraments of the Church, never seek self-destruction. Most of those with suicidal intent would shrink from the awful deed if they could open their troubled hearts to a sincere friend. Catholics have such a friend—the priest—the father. And love of Mary, the daily recitation of a prayer in her honor, infallibly stays the self-assassin's hand. We know how unscientific this is, but science fails so miserably when the heart is starving. There is no scientific remedy against suicide.

NEW BOOKS.

Love Your Enemies by Father Spillmann, S.J. B. Herder, St. Louis. (45 cents.)

This is another one of the fascinating stories so dear to our Catholic youth, which this dear good Jesuit father has embodied in his "Tales of foreign lands." It treats of the Maori insurrections in New Zealand in 1860 and teaches a noble Christian lesson, one of the most difficult to learn, it is true, but one which makes us most Christ-like, when put into practice, the love of enemies.